

SIMPLICITY MARKS FUNERAL SERVICES OF BELOVED AUTHOR

Scene One That Thomas
Nelson Page Himself
Would Have Painted.

ALL CLASSES MOURN

Obsequies Are in Old Fork Church, Where Deceased

Through That Taxes Capacity of Ed-
 fice Deeply Stirred by Solem-

As simple as the heart of the man, yet as impressive as his own life had been, were the funeral services yesterday for Thomas Nelson Page, author, diplomat and Virginian of Virginians.

It was just the scene that the master delineator of Southern life himself would have painted in picturing the final tribute of love paid one of the delightful heroes he created for an admiring world.

In a little old brick church, just at the edge of the wood, with its great black stove in the center,

the auditorium and the brackets for the oil lamps in use projecting from the side walls, Virginians yesterday mourned for the man who knew them with a knowledge that comes only with a deep and abiding love.

Out there in this remote country place, away from the great centers of art and culture, but hallowed beyond measure by the youthful memories of Thomas Jefferson, the

being held services to which the eyes of Kings, Premiers and Presidents turned instinctively. It was a setting that he would have cherished. In its simplicity it exemplified the character of the man.

Services in Old Fork Church.
Services were in the Old Fork Church. Here sixty-eight years ago the beloved Virginian was christened. For generations his ancestors—men and women from whom he inherited the best traditions of a noble race—had worshipped there. Outside were the old familiar hills and fields over which he had romped

As a boy, and where had come to him first a feeling of the responsibilities of life, as he saw the armies of North and South contending desperately for a principle. The people of the church, all deeply stirred by the solemnity of the occasion and brushing away tears as they thought of one whose heart was stilled forever, were just the sort of people he would have had as mourners.

They comprised every class. His own Hanover country folk were there, the men and women with whom he

played as a youth when they too, were boys and girls, and their children, and their children's children, have been brought up to associate Thomas Nelson Page with everything that is best and noblest in Virginia life. Members of the negro race, whose people were disloyal and whimsical in his own better days, and who came with bowed heads, grief-stricken. In the throng, recalling the romance of the Old South, which Dr. Page so delighted to paint with his pen, and the men in the gray-clad warriors who followed Lee in a cause that fired the imagination of the Hanover County lad who afterwards became honored throughout the world. There were learned

lawyers, physicians, state officials, bankers, business men. In the ancient little church they stood shoulder to shoulder. Never before was it so filled. Never before had there been in it such grief as this.

While the dignitaries and the big business men appreciated and honored the memory of the man, it was the plain country folks, the tenant on his lands, and the gray-haired darkies, who showed the greatest distress. Dr. Page understood so thoroughly the traits and whims of these plain people, and so depleted their lives in the books he wrote of Virginia life, that they grew to love him more, that he has taken from them more than the affection for their friend and neighbor has grown even stronger.

Inaccessible as it was from the cities and villages, Old Fork Church

was easily found yesterday morning. From all parts of Hanover County the people drove to the modest little edifice in automobiles and carriages and many went afoot, while those from the cities were transported in their high-powered cars, or in vehi-

Bishop William Cabell Brown, of Virginia, did not assist at the serv-

ice, as had been expected. He arrived at the church just as the casket, in which the body lay, was being borne away, and he was able only to extend his sympathy to the members of the family before he returned to this city. Due to delay in receiving the message of Scottville, Bishop, in

message at Scottsville, Bishop Brown did not arrive in Richmond until yesterday morning at 9 o'clock. He immediately started for the church in an automobile, and, as he reached the church too late to take part in the service, his presence was known only to a few of the concourse. He did not accompany the body to Ashland, where it was borne, to be con-

veyed to Washington for burial.

Loss Alike to State and to Literature.

"The death of Dr. Thomas Nelson Page is a great loss to our State, and to literature," said Bishop Brown, as he stood in the little study at the corner of the church. "He was an admirable man and a Christian gentleman. It was fitting that he should have died on All Saints' Day."

The service was conducted by Rev. E. L. Goodwin, D. D., of Ashland, assisted by Mr. Arnhart, of Raleigh.

many years a friend of the family. After the lesson the hymn, "For All Thy Saints Who From Their Labors Rest," was rendered by the church choir. "How Firm a Foundation Ye Saints of the Lord," was the closing hymn, and as it was sung

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